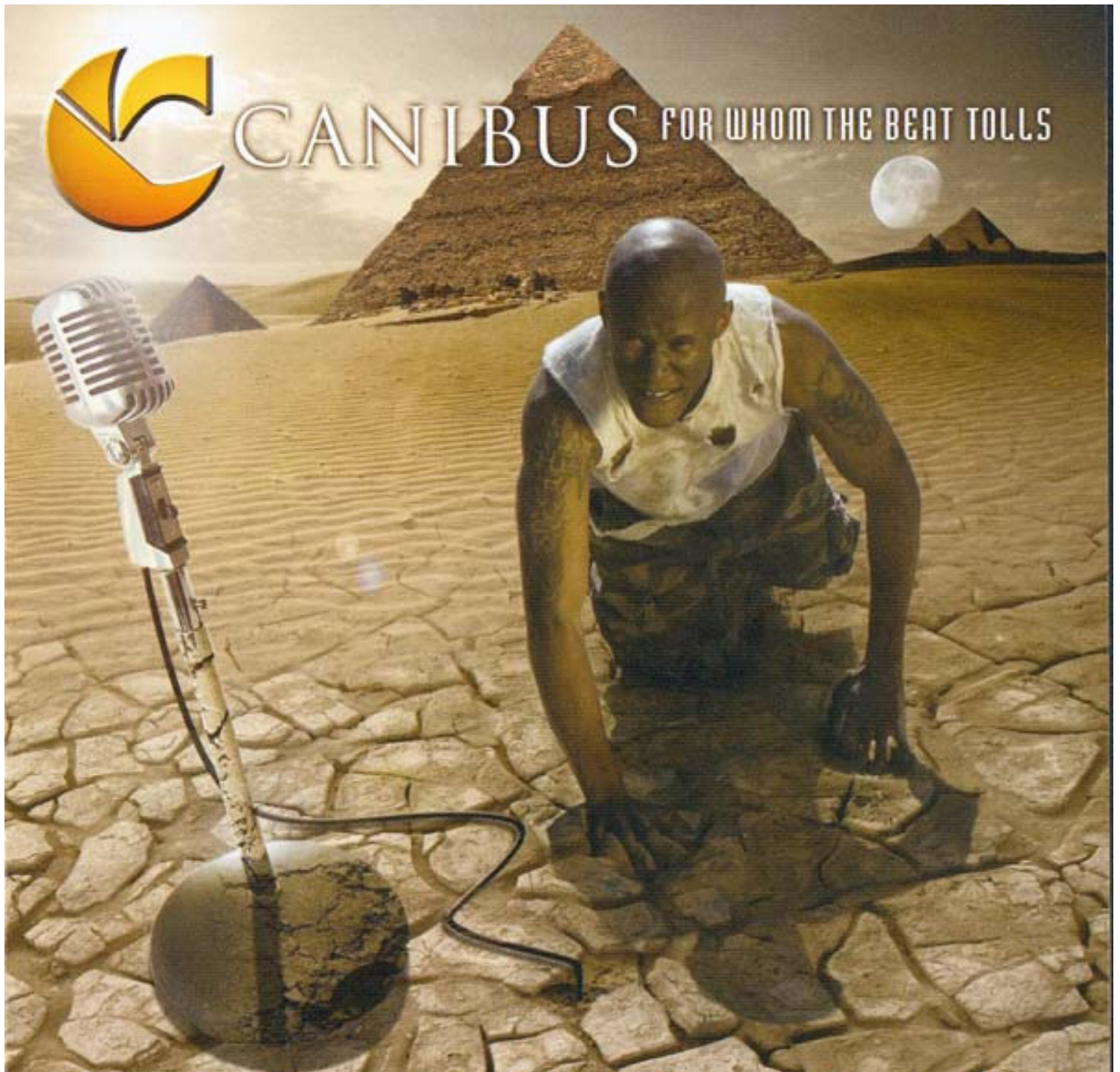




# CANIBUS

FOR WHOM THE BEAT TOLLS



# Canibus Lyrics

## "For Whom The Beat Tolls"

*[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]*

"I am writing under appreciable strain  
Since by tonight I should be no more"

*[Casting spell]*

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours  
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours  
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near  
I walk where no man dares  
So the world could share one man's fair  
My cares are your cares  
Your tears are my tears  
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers  
I eavesdrop on your prayers  
The industry could not stop my career  
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?  
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack  
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap  
Real rap is like chemical crack  
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back  
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track  
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap  
Do these magazines mention that? NO!  
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!  
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!  
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!  
They just use us, abuse us  
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us  
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks  
Now it's all up to you, but...

*[Church bell sounds]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Harbinger Of Light"

*[Intro:]*

Yea, the life of the world  
Let me share somethin' witchu  
What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds  
That's who you know you're alive

*[Canibus:]*

I was spiritual first  
She cut my umbilical at the physical birth  
And welcomed me to miserable Earth  
Why does it hurt?  
She layed me on my back under the dirt  
Cover my girth with a dirty shirt  
What could be worst?  
She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"  
The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely  
Tough luck, right before I was about to give up  
I passed out emotionally bankrupt  
In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation  
I couldn't eat it despite the temptation  
I was hungry and impatient  
My hands were shakin', I stopped payment  
They botched my face in operation  
Nip and Tuck, livin' it up  
DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"  
"Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"  
At night from a satellite view the city's a heart  
The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars  
From that distance look down and observe my lyrics  
The atmospheres of organism we apparently living  
Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven  
On question, the principle of scale or heaven  
Law One thru Forty Eight  
Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape  
Buy the album; get a \$50 dollar rebate, before it's too late  
2012 is the bill due date  
Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate  
Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait  
It won't be much longer now  
Solar activity is gettin' stronger now  
Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more  
Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song  
Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal  
Without balance I am bound to fall  
To chemicals are color coded  
I highly encourage you not to smoke it  
It makes you more curious, don't it?

Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival  
Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital  
Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro  
Brain cells glow with a light dose  
SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff  
I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit  
The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips  
Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit  
Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!  
On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit  
The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit  
And I dare you to tell me to not spit  
I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh  
From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death  
Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end  
Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate Infinity V003"

*[Sample:]*

"Cycles of time; it is ubiquitous it goes all over the place  
It's ancient, it's one of the most ancient symbols there are  
And this is an interpretation of what that actually means"

*[Canibus:]*

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time  
It's the first of its kind  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper  
I did this separate imagine what we could do together  
Inspired by GOD, inspired by the sufferin'  
Was it done by a prophet? - it must of been  
Who was it then? (Rip the Jacker)  
Hot but cold blooded, many utter the name but very few love him  
Other emcees be nervous or somethin'  
Rhymes in abundance, Hip-Hop Justice  
Rappers are captured and punished  
The Polar Manitoba's melted by lava  
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper  
My skull is a submarine hull  
I empty the ballast tanks I could smell the shit from the sea gulls  
My mind dives deep beneath yours  
Poseidon Trident Seahorse bubbles form I scream with extreme force  
Marinari's Trench detour to Ultima Thule  
Let me explain what my sonar saw  
This is the greatest rhyme of all time supposedly  
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"  
Industrialists, civilians women and children directly  
Military chiefs, aristocrats in buildings  
Membership is based off your raw intelligence  
400 screen video editing with hard evidence  
Imagine being fined over a rhyme for steppin' over the line?  
When I inspired Hova and Nas  
Recite 33 3's 33 times  
For 24 hours, 21 thousand Nautical miles  
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kids just want respect  
You been a success but what do he get?  
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy  
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me  
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully  
Next time I see it, it's gonna have a word with me  
The Biological Chemical emergency  
I purchase the beat; I resumed PsyOps on the enemy  
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate

The sex magic won't work if the bitch masturbates  
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates into a spiritual shape  
A capsule in Space, no emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge  
His Poet Laureate should pontificates balance  
Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice  
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress  
Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility  
Most emcees try to clone me lyrically  
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me  
But I need a volunteer, do I have any?  
The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers  
I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion  
Most of you will never understand what I mean  
My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes  
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour  
Electromagnetic Scalar then somethin' they call a Maser  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
And with strange aeons even death may die"  
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined  
They will not be allowed to see the rhymes  
In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jalalabad  
I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm  
I'ma take you for a walk thru a beautiful place called Honey Swamp  
We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park  
Emotion manifest Thought  
Thought manifest Words Actions and Reality  
That's how it has to be  
The overseer of poetic antiquities  
Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me  
Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass  
The Teleological Dynamic will enhance  
I remove the veil from in front of me  
Suddenly, truly, there is too much to see  
The Law of Attraction is attracted to me  
The Laws of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively  
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt  
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell  
I'm modifying the weather from behind a weather shield  
Writing with a feathered quill, gettin' more ill  
I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible  
If I am celebrating and that'd be a miracle  
At least for my interconnected introspective perspective  
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence  
Hip-Hop made me, Hip-Hop praise me  
Ain't nothin' changed me since 1980  
Involuntary catalepsy, BATTLE ME BABY!!!  
1000 BARS NIGGA!!!, Zero Vector System  
Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields  
Chew emcees like I'm eatin' a meal  
Normal life is not real; we are just cogs in a wheel  
We work, we hurt, we search, we feel  
The microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics  
Circular motion in both the Para and the hyperbolas

Mad Max beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock  
 It's no use if you can't use what you got  
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do  
 These are the tones that will activate your ohms  
 Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope  
 Who have lost their point, who have lost their own  
 Are you food for the moon? The potion is you  
 Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to  
 Rap music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothin'  
 I don't want nothin' from you, not even your judgement  
 I ride on a flatbed chariot, four Ostriches carry it  
 I control their movements with lariats  
 Polygraphs flutter, the Love Craft, Craft Lover  
 I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public  
 If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish  
 I don't care what you say nigga, you're a nigga lover  
 The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine  
 Increase the star wattage with longer cycle time  
 How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling  
 1-800 Road Rage, Start dialing  
 Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY  
 Look at what your SUN GOD did to me  
 I submit to the will of the creator willingly  
 The possibilities present a probable infinity  
 I climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign in record clock time  
 Hot Lava lock rhymes, rock slide topside  
 At the Observatory summit of Mount Graham  
 Lookin' through the starlight scope in my hand  
 Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition  
 Don't ignore me, ignore the fool who tell you don't listen  
 Strivin' my principle findings by designing a new style of rhyming  
 That you could take home and try out  
 A 100 Bars per hour, sometimes I doubled the writing  
 Secret signature time equals the hardest part to figure out  
 Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?  
 No! I am Sandbag diving?  
 From the Kinetic to the Energetic  
 St. Germaine was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 bar message  
 Straight out the freak show no pre show  
 Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breathe slow  
 The Pope shook; they ransacked Rome and burnt books  
 I ran back home to hide mine in the woods  
 MOSES is a new weapon system secret code  
 CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose  
 I don't have all the answers I am not in the know  
 I can only see what is above and only from below  
 Substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy  
 How can it be Canibus? Answer me!  
 My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need  
 The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees  
 Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman  
 Tell everybody to SHUT THE FUCK UP when I'm talkin'  
 From a very cold place called Faraday Base

Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait  
My dream was identical seven nights in a row  
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone  
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios  
A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go  
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about  
We must construct a shelter then build a wall around it  
Geography is conducive to Astronomy  
And the study of celestial bodies, biopsy  
My austere designs are so ahead of their time  
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind  
I blasted thru the limestone with water, mixed with a dissolver  
Then I signaled the remaining cave crawlers  
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, battle the hardest  
Take out Hip-Hop trash and garbage  
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet  
Drawin' mechanics, suspended in space as holographic  
The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it  
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert  
Hip-Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle  
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal  
Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information  
Electro Cranial Stimulation  
Password please? Have patience, verification  
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?"  
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment  
+2nd round K.O.+ was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters  
Responsibility entrusted  
There's only one way for me to prove that I love it  
That's why I'm bustin'  
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,  
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"  
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer  
Poet Laureate is the future!!!  
Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix  
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix  
With these lyrics, I consecrate the spirit  
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you could hear it  
I've almost perfected this  
I'm one word away from excellence  
Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pendin' it  
Can-I-Bus a/k/a "The Spitzberg Beast"  
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak  
What are you building Bis? Is it a flyin' Silver Disk?  
GW I'm positive it's him  
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin' in 10 minutes  
Now that's some shit! You think that's fast? Nah  
That's faster than you think, by the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks  
We'll observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars to infinity  
Listen to the bars, thick rhymes compartmentalized  
Seperatized to prevent bootleg pirates gives me energy when I'm tired  
I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it  
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it



Several million years into the past  
The primitive future in a world without oil and gas  
Gather the evidence then give it to the President  
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next  
I hold Hip-Hop responsible  
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article  
Always remember I'll be gone forever  
I made these bars so you could all remember  
The rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign  
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time  
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playin' in my head  
Every color in America bled  
Canibus grabbed the mic like an energized amulet  
Then spit a rap that you can't forget  
"With this sacred water --  
I consecrate this Talisman so that it will make me POET LAUREATE"  
This is a no brainer, stop the complainin'  
If Hip-Hop was dead I came here to save it  
Classified payloads, no frequency safe modes, no safety  
And I still made time for the ladies  
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothin'  
It's never that easy you just gotta trust it  
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you  
But I declined, 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do  
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink  
It's the dark skinned Lizard King  
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum  
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want  
I heard Hip-Hop was dead, that's not fair  
Who I talk to? "Go he there, Nasir"  
YEA, POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Liquid Wordz"

(feat. Killah Priest and Sun)

*[Sample:]*

It's very difficult to know if...  
Northerners are puppets, or...  
They are innocent, or...  
They are the masterminds

*[Canibus:]*

These are "Liquid Wordz

Yo, I come through on cold steel on back of the snowmobile  
I just came back from shogun hill  
Make you kneel, face the wall  
Shoot you in the back of the head with some paint balls  
'Til your brains are gon'  
Attack dawg, attack man, only respond to German commands  
Completely bite off the burglar's hands  
Triangular death, that's where I purchased the land  
Built the ranch, strude deep into the Earth through the sand  
Send the clergy emissary to the cemetery  
You requested to be buried, with your bones to carry  
I'm blood sample savvy, I name your first clone Jerry  
Your second clone Harry, and your third clone after me  
The fourth clone could battle him after he battles me  
But your the fifth clone can only be used to tattle me  
This is called microphone savagery  
"Press Play", I attack the beat, you'll tap out or tap to leap  
But we do not have to beef, before the Greeks captured Crete  
I was known as the master of the beat  
Sidonian MC speak, rudimentary speech  
I released the Canaanite beast and sent 'em to the East  
To walk through the streets sharin' thoughts about God and my beliefs  
"Heavy Mental" it was authored by the Priest  
We were tortured by the palm trees in the Palm Sunday breeze  
It was 0 0 1 A.D.

*[Sun:]*

Yo, it's been a long time comin', but I'm finally here  
Solidify my spot and I ain't gon' nowhere (C'mon)  
'Cause Ripper Mics been only 'vice  
So I return like Christ, to resurrect the art of spittin' nice  
The true and livin' it, physical form  
Grab the mic and I - spit up a storm  
Tracks get beasted, MC's get eaten  
I blast paragraph from rough draft - the thesis  
With strong facial features, lip and gap teeth's  
I see through your feces like telekinesis

Build with Killah Priest in the chamber of Gizas  
Special Ops Hip-Hop get chopped in pieces  
Zero degree Celsius liquid will freeze  
But at any temperature, settle melt MC's  
That's why Canibus handed me the scrolls for infinity  
What he actually gave me was the moment of clarity  
It's complex simplicity, self-contradictory  
Philosophical speak about the God and men mystery  
'Cause we've been fooled by religion and history  
'Cause the path to eternity, starts eternally  
Accordin' to the Sun God, the time is at hand  
For me to reveal the man, exactly who "I Am..."  
I'm the apostles, we writin' The Bible and Ebonics  
I'm Elijah Muhammad that'll sell chronic  
Martin Luther with a German Lugar  
I'm Malcolm X on your project steps bustin' a tec  
Gandhi with a MPC, who MC madd nice  
I'm Christ in his cipher shootin' dice

*[Killah Priest:]*

Inside my mind is bad weather  
So when I brainstorm it'll rain strong  
To Hurricane's swarm in a form of paragraph  
Start from the corner of the pages in my pad  
And nothin' could withstand the rhyme, when it rages in its path  
But I don't brainwash my listeners  
My lyrics give 'em a bath, without bars or soap  
These are bars of quote, that'll take you so far you'll choke  
What I have is like Lightening in a bottle  
Deep as the writin' of Aristotle  
Like Picasso but it's a novel  
Spittin' in bars and flows, Priest the dark Dragon King  
Spittin' graphic scenes, my .16 should be seen on plasma screen  
My black wings are The Lord of the Rings  
While my sword is bathin' and y'all scream  
Swallowed your flesh to his metal intestine  
If he's so much, on your rebels that became congested  
And gnarls on modes, snarls at thrones, carve out domes  
Somewhere in a giant stone King where the interest is big enough  
To accommodate a Pterodactyl in flight  
Priest sit and the Tabernacle will write  
While Jackals fight over the poison Emperor's body  
Priest and Canibus enjoy their memorable army's  
Ha, ha, ha, ha...

*[Canibus:]*

A lyricist without with no master, a no financier  
After the disaster I will die from laughter  
Alright, let's move out people  
I got a five ton diesel, 40 illegal  
Hazmat retreat, too deep to say piece to  
I pray about peace for you  
Very soon the Goetia will eat you

The keys of Solomon will open the door to that bottomless prison  
And let the Leviathan army in  
"Liquid Wordz", split superb  
From the foothills of Sykros to the streets of New Jerz  
New Ark, I'm the rare admiral in New York  
If I'm caught they'll award the post human purple heart  
Navy cross neva say we lost, Dan Abram office and court  
One o'tnot to think any thoughts, "Liquid Wordz"

*[Sample:]*

"I don't know what we mean about these words"

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Father Author, Poor Pauper"

*[Intro:]*

Yea, "Father Author, Poor Pauper", Yea  
(More than a microphone monster)

*[Canibus:]*

Once a upon a midnight dreary  
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me  
In the past albums were made, put on the shelf  
I was never paid or given a wealth  
Who can I blame but myself? No one  
I followed my azimuth then transit on a path from apprentice to master  
My testimony any place at the top is lonely  
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry  
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought  
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought  
When they tried to play me out as a man  
The way it felt takin' showers in the sand with a fuel can  
Wakin' up in the middle of the night  
I can't breathe right, I can feel my heart beat spike  
"Father Author, Poor Pauper" use to be a war monger  
I promised the Lord I will not tour any longer  
Pardon the The Poor Pauper with nothin' to offer from his coffin  
Caughin' up a mouthful of a volcanic sulfur  
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers  
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was the Martians  
Since "Channel Zero" I tried to do somethin' to save you  
But you threw away the jewels I gave you  
When you're ready to move to the mouth it'll be too late too  
That's why I pray for you  
My words appear clear but true meanin' is lost  
Why would an emcee like that even talk?  
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts  
Throw away everything you bought  
And kneel before the Ark  
YOU DON'T!, you knew you should but you won't  
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke  
I don't go to malls 'cause I don't like shoppin'  
I can't buy clothes when the Manikin's are watchin'  
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanation  
The information is my interpretation  
I sit down at the table and make it  
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangements  
I'm disinfatuated, you rappers are overrated  
For the music you're makin', it sounds foolish and basic  
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open  
You were ordered to show him, than the words are spoken  
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle

So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural  
Walk through the doors of Langley Headquarters  
My logo is in the floor etched in marble  
Behind the rose line, morals and dogma of rhymes to climb  
One of three peaks of Mount Hermon there in my lifetime  
The rhymes is 3 point 1 4 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9  
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus album came out  
I got a text from The NSA that said "They'd take me out"  
Kabbalah Math was all I had  
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash  
Eight months passed, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash  
I told them "Fuck the cash" Just give me somethin' for the pain  
My brain 'bout to bust vein  
They said "You've been through enough Germaine"  
I tried to sit up but can't get up  
This sucks, "Father Author, Poor Pauper" can't give up  
The Biomarker lit up; the labtec took the blood that I spit up  
She tried to screen it, than clean it  
Hydroxide radicals I couldn't believe it  
I was the Anemic Heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus  
My only grievance is I never be the same again  
Never beat me with a rhyme again like it was '98 again  
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed; I don't know what I could say to them  
So I made this mixtape for them  
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it  
This is "Father Author, Poor Pauper" last recording

# Canibus Lyrics

"Dreamzzzzz"

[Chorus: x4]

"Dreamzzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor  
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin'

[Canibus:]

Yea, this isn't excellence in journalism  
I prefer to call it conservative words of wisdom  
Mixed with perverted visions  
I can't help it, I was bitten by Celtic Woman  
Who spoke elvish, who told me I was selfish  
Nah honey be friendly you're my Ms. Money Penny  
I love you because when they hate me; you defend me  
"Dreamzzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor  
Welcome to my world of fantasies and fandom  
0330 central news network  
I filled out visitors of paper work 'til my head hurt  
G words bees and birds can't help but to be perverse  
About anything over 30 in a skirts  
I get up stairs to search who's doin' their leg work  
I seen her walk in to the coffee room, I go there first  
She was beautiful and burgundy, same Zane Verjee  
I said "Allah have mercy", she heard me and turned to me  
She showed me her breast, I was impressed  
She suggested I lock the door so we could both get undressed  
Quick start, quick finish, I gently kissed her  
The phone rang; it was Wolf Blitzer sayin' "He missed her"  
I was not surprised, I ain'tt want the bitch to lose her job  
OH MY GOD! Is that Sumi Das?  
Still hard from Zane givin' me brain, but I can't complain  
I'll take wrinkles over stains anyday, anyway where did the Sumi go?  
She reminds me of this ho I used to bang on a Pakistani Sushi boat  
Her trail went cold, I stole me an access card  
Picked up the trail in the parking garage  
I pretended I was an intern  
I said "Ma'am you left this upstairs, a huge diamond earrings"  
She just stares, standin' there in a dress with a delicate smell of vinaigrette  
She placed the palm firmly on my chest  
"Are you St. Germaine?" she said, I said "Yes"  
And I seek to have sex with the Dragon Princess  
She circled her hips slow, dancin' to Calypso  
She brought her lips close, my dick grows, she sniff Coke  
I couldn't believe the nerve of this  
Circus Witch with burger itch  
You tried to curse me with a kiss  
Nosferatu practitioner, I don't even think about kissin' her  
She will remain my prisoner

*[Chorus: x4]*

*[Canibus:]*

Yea, check the defense mechanism of this next woman  
She's the real Lara Croft, I couldn't wait to have sex with her  
Arwa Damon so calm under pressure  
But our hormones start raging as soon as I undress her  
Started to speak in discrete descriptive speech  
I tasted her nipples and told her "Her tits taste like a peach"  
She had congressional oversight, over the mic  
A young Black man obsessed with her egg shell white  
Her body was tight, "Ok" I said but not tonight  
Your life is your job; my job is my life  
Filled with gold spindles, a positive polarity singles  
But when I talk to strippers I'm simple  
Like screwin' Julie with the booty dimples  
She act moody 'cause she's mental  
Try to imagine what she's been through  
Julie Banderas got what I call a rare ass  
That's the type of ass that could tear pants  
I let her dance on my fair delance, Caliente Sangre  
And life goes on like John Mellencamp

*[Chorus: x4]*

*[Canibus:]*

Yea, yo, I don't wake up 'til 12:00  
Soledad O'Brian don't wake up 'til she feels cock  
I love these women so much, I can't stop  
Sir Lancelot givin' Guinevere a shamrock  
Accompanied by a rose, she smelled it with her nose and froze  
It was the perfect time to take off her clothes  
The tale of the Princess and the P and MC  
Mr. C really? a magnificent read  
In a dream I had about my favourite anchor of them all  
In my dream I wrote a name across The White House wall  
Suzanne Malveaux - oh I have love you so  
So much so I let the whole world know  
Her pastry is so tasty; I don't care if her husband hates me  
I'm still in my dream, DO NOT WAKE ME!  
In the dream she and I share pound cake and tea  
In between her shifts on the silver screen  
She lays her head on my arm during The White House conference, so DAMN!  
Imagine that when you listen to my song

*[Chorus: x4]*



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Magnum Innominandum"

*[Chorus:]*

Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy  
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (Follow me)  
Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed  
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (The MC)  
Suivre moi, the leadership is annoyed  
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed  
Suivre moi, come vibe with ya boy  
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

*[Canibus:]*

I was taught my heart was my brain in my past life  
I was thrashed in a fight over my passion for the mic  
Risked the ultimate sacrifice to rhyme, askin' Christ why?  
He replied; "Passions like mine have a price"  
They will grab you if you grab the mic  
Try to squeeze the life from you, take away your life  
There's only one way to fight  
Zero gravity device, turn it on  
Impale them on stalactites and stalagmites, alright?  
I was hyped; he told me that every word I recite  
Symbolically represents the whole world's kryptonite  
Includin; but not limited to spittin' in the booth  
Spit the truth; tell the leadership to listen to the troops  
The leadership bleeds blue, we bleed red  
In the end the only thing we can agree on is death  
I beg you to get it together  
To truly be clever you gotta be able to think ahead and remember  
'Cause most of us have forgotten where we came from  
Turned a blind eye to the energy that made us  
I ain't the same Canibus I was  
But I still get busy 'cause that's what Canibus does  
The rhymes are relevant day after my development  
Food for thought, beverages should be free but they keep sellin' it  
The mixtape comes out today, announce the date  
The potato gets off his couch to wait  
'Cause he knows something wicked his way comes  
They can hear the sound of the war drum,  
Canibus save them!  
I can't save you, but you can save yourself  
We can save each other, I just came to help  
The event you cant prevent no matter how much you spend  
Your catalogue remains thin no matter how much you pen  
I stand with my men, lookin' at the flag draped coffins again  
Cryin', justifyin' what I did  
There's no excuse cause nobody will ever know the truth  
I will never get over the abuse - fuck you!..

*[Pause]*

I gotta keep Hip-Hop open, if they close it I'm homeless  
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless  
I am a hopeless romantic Trans-Atlantic pimp  
In the pacific stickin' dick to Los Angeles bitches  
Bitch please!, be my guest  
Shot her in the head while she slept  
What would she dream about next?  
I'm a maniac nigga, so fuck rap nigga  
Bigorexia anxiety attack nigga  
If you're loyal I'll murder for you  
You disloyal I'll destroy you  
Rhodesian Ridgeback will and turn on you  
Keep Hip-Hop alive if you don't we die  
We includes me, you, K-Solo and Nas  
Keep Hip-Hop open 'cause if they close it I'm homeless  
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless  
Focus!

*[Chorus:]*

Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed  
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed  
Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy  
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Layered Prayers"

*[Canibus:]*

Yea, ayo Mother Earth absorbs the blood I bleed  
Hip-Hop is my blood - I believe  
That I am not free, and neither are you  
The only time I feel free is when I'm rhyming in the booth  
The Lion on the loose is not a reckless recluse  
But really a dictator with his neck in a noose  
For war crimes; Hardcore rhymes from a warped mind  
That enjoyed the dark matter in the void before time  
The innocent murmured, murmured because they worshipped him  
They let the serpent in but it never occurred to them  
They deity regards emcees like me  
Piously, check the degree, see if it's me  
On planet Earth I design mankind's rebirth  
A marvel of water and rock salt from a verse  
The Moon, the Sun and the Stars  
I am who you are, together, we all form God  
I laugh at the creation of it, the explanation of it  
Not the original but man's imitation of it  
They took Hip-Hop and changed the subject  
Then I brought Hip-Hop back and made you love it  
Through deterrence, detention and prevention  
Never write the wrong sentence  
If I ever said it I meant it  
The insatiable, inescapable regiment  
What's the weight? Add four more plates, I bench it  
Skinny-ass nigga, grab your neck with a pen-grip  
Bend it through telepathic suggestion  
I rap so serious, the vocal myriad  
Occurred intermittently over protracted periods  
Rap 'til you get delirious, wack niggaz get furious  
Keep dissin' me, your girl's gettin' curious  
Darth Vader on the cross-fader releasin' the raw data  
This is called hard jaw-breaker labour  
When I see you I'ma battle you, then tackle you  
Then grapple you, then probably snap you in two  
Yo, ain't that the truth?, outside the booth  
Air combat maneuvers without no computer  
Space wings that cause pings MOTHAFUCKA!!!  
We gon' dogfight above cloud cover  
High in the friendly skies, where unfriendlies  
Where frendlies and unfrendlies die  
You and I race to the Sun, I just got back  
The race is done, ages have ended and ages have begun  
Cognisance saturation, I am the one  
Tell me where chain-gun Germaine came from?  
Dara-I-Suf, the river of caves

My ribcage look like miniature shim blades  
When I bathe in the waters below  
Still waters run deep, King Cthulhu told me so  
Magna-dome under Yellowstone inside the bowels of the Earth  
I'ma show you the power of the verse  
'Cause man cannot establish dominance over man  
Indefinitely; man only respects God's energy  
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth  
I'ma show you the power of the verse  
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth  
I'ma show you the power of the verse

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Fusion Centre"

(feat. Vinnie Paz)

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team  
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need  
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine  
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator  
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl  
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music  
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it  
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me  
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record  
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that  
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat  
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet  
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow  
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking  
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil  
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch  
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss  
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist  
I ain't rapping no more Paziienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more  
I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war  
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe  
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall  
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved

# Canibus Lyrics

"702-386-5397"

*[Intro]*

Yea, yea Can-I-Bus, Mic Club  
(Nothin' to prove it's all love)

*[Canibus:]*

I bust through like Sputnik 2  
This is man's best friend, whoop-woo  
The flag is black, red, and blue  
True shoot from the whoop  
Dogs jump out of dooly  
But it'll take more than that to move me  
Like; wireless mics for tireless nights  
Firefights inspire my life, why do I write?  
Twenty-year Hip-Hop vet, they perceive me as a threat  
They manifest beads of sweat  
Examine the blood trail  
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails  
I smell like gun shells  
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium  
The Soviet Hugo Rodier  
Fourth generation roper report  
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts  
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme  
Where every line is weaponized then applied  
Mob shit, talk it acquisition is sick  
I don't miss when I twist the 556  
Stand there with arms folded  
Firearms make me look large and bloated  
("I'ma gonna have to project my voice")  
Equipment check, church bells time  
("Some of this stuff might get intense")  
One more time - Just kill 'em 'Bus  
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'  
Heavens devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable  
Then J Wells came through

*[Sample from Nas @ the L.A. Listening Party on December 14th, 2006:]*

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;  
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like  
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;  
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like  
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

*[Canibus:]*

Yea, yo

I support a secure change of custody  
Don't trust the beat, trust me Canibus the emcee  
Without movin' my neck I turn to the left  
Yes I am the best you'll learn to respect  
'Til your death, Hip-Hop is the body, you are the chest  
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect  
This behavioural bomb rewritable radio songs  
"What station is your radio on?"  
My trainin' is worth millions  
Imam death squad rush the building  
From the frontline with Prince William  
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment  
Prohibit the media from filming  
Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen  
I pause soldiers, nobody told them  
Inoculate; I postulate not your weight  
Drop to your face, the active component will not break  
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen  
I threw the money in his face and said "Pay me again"  
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid  
I'll explain to you what I did  
"702-386-5397", call, leave a message  
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?  
You move the crowd, I move the map  
The defying mad Lion, triumph over the rulers of Zion  
Fuck your "Blood Diamonds", I'd rather laugh dyin'  
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'  
"Apocalypto" from GITMO, I'll clash with the last Mayans  
The Sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance  
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it  
The fire suit don't fit, NO SHIT!  
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip  
With a batwing released for both wrist and both feet  
Blazing high, but I don't feel no heat  
Hip-Hop's master chief, "Here, have a seat"  
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat  
Before, during, or after debrief  
I'll crack your teeth, don't talk unless if asked to speak  
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks  
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak  
Reach 80° degrees North, 14° degrees East  
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast  
Transmission distorted, injuries reported  
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward  
BRAVO! I fell in love with you Suzanne Malveaux  
On the down-low, know you know  
She talked to the Canibus man  
Code name: "Javelin Fangz"  
With "Nothing to Prove" to the rap fans  
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say  
"God damn that emcee made my day"  
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapour box maker from Jamaica  
Still talkin' trash to the haters



I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour  
Beta test the data with blue lasers  
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's "Nothing to Lose" in Los Angeles  
Suing Hip-Hop for the damages  
G-4's, 10.4's, still conscious but not for long  
Missile lock-on; stop the song

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The Goetia"

(Ergonomical)

*[Sample:]*

"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from  
On this idea that they were created on the Earth  
These giants were created by the natural themselves  
They can manifest.."

*[Chorus:]*

Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose  
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth  
Straight out (The Goetia) to eat ya  
This is the fire breather  
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose  
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

*[Canibus:]*

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is  
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz  
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light  
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight  
First, I developed the fence  
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence  
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon  
I weaken, every time I see him  
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'  
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it  
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden  
To return like Cat Stevens  
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it  
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret  
I cannot fail, I rock bells  
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale  
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert  
But can he turn a desert to a garden?  
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'  
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch  
Fuck it, double the budget  
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't  
Made it hard to love it  
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra  
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda  
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region  
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'  
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage  
Dead farmers I already saw it  
Back to the army, back to pituitary

Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street  
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'  
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'  
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'  
We both believe we're fightin' Satan  
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice  
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real  
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album  
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions  
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation  
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits  
I'm a poet, my house is a palace  
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris  
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germain sadomasochist  
I don't use chains to trap a bitch  
Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic  
Over and over until it's automatic  
My body is a machine, machines need fuel  
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food  
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic  
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice  
Right side paralyzed above the waist  
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case  
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight  
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space  
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate  
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place  
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl  
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts"

*[Spanish speaking soldiers]*

"They have different videos that's caused by these Cosmonauts"

*[Sample]*

"And so, if you take all these together  
Dimension of the Earth in nautical miles  
21,600 and you divided by 33; you'll get..."

*[Intro]*

(Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts)  
These are the Secrets of the Cosmonauts  
I know I rhyme a lot  
This is the most important rhyme I ever said in my life  
Stop the hatred, and stop being racist  
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us

*[Chorus]*

(We share the song) This is a song, written by God  
(Especially for you) Especially for you, this is the truth  
(There's a story) A story of humankind's glory  
(Of what people do for you) I'm tellin' you the Cosmonauts love you

*[Canibus]*

Twenty-one thousand six-hundred nautical miles  
I've got the same amount, if not more audible styles  
By no means am I to interpret the absolute  
I'm merely a vessel that the entity chooses to use  
I'm raw energy, just like you  
I don't teach 'cause Teachers only receive contempt from the youth  
I know what I know, there's no need to convince you  
The poetry's fairly simple, you perceive the visual  
The grass isn't greener, it's browner  
I believe in the power that spins the Earth around upward and outward  
You say, "You don't like the album", I say you a coward  
You say you don't like the beats, I say what about them?  
Whether or not you like the lyrics I would not be surprised  
If you the devil in disguise I can see it in your eyes  
We are all equal; we are all sisters and brothers  
In spite of our colour, all we have is each other, they love us

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Your sexual orientation is none of my business  
But don't lie to yourself, and don't lie to the children  
Some of us are healthy, some of us have diseases

But if you look at the whole world we represent the human species  
You can't ignore continents while they starve  
You'll be wearin' their shoes before long  
As the Globe becomes more warm  
Families hold on but their country is war-torn  
The prophecies are forewarned  
You would've thought Katrina storm taught y'all  
But nah, you're still too distracted ain't y'all?  
I've come to learn that the Cosmonauts up high  
Don't believe that we deserve another chance and I'll tell you why  
We watch either other die, and we're still racist  
Not in my household, but in other places  
The patience of the Gods have run thin  
Because of your sin, the period of purification will begin

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

The procession will wash away  
The world's sins with Tsunami's and Whirlwinds  
Our world ends, but then it begins again  
Six-thousand four-hundred eighty years later  
The next civilization will dig our artifacts out of a crater  
They will say that we were great but that they are greater  
Humankind will continue to search for his creator  
Wage war against the forces that try to enslave us  
Send space probes to our celestial neighbours  
We could stop the hatred; if we stop being racist  
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us  
If humankind will accept all races  
There's no reason that the Cosmonauts wouldn't save us  
Love your neighbours; we're different, but God made us  
Love all races, the Cosmonauts would love to save us  
Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth (B.I.B.L.E.)  
Wake up, stop the hatred, the Cosmonauts wanna save us

*[Chorus]*

"Advance knowledge that people in general will never hear  
Is passed on to the chosen ones that are chosen to have this..

# Canibus Lyrics

## "One Ought Not To Think"

*[Canibus:]*

This one is relatively short; I won't say much about it  
What's the point if you're still gon' doubt  
History is a weapon being used against us  
Humanity has been abused before but few remember  
Human hybrid, Hubble iris, double-sided untouchable  
When it comes to rhyming, but I struggle in private  
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking  
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction  
The Eagle has landed, one of von Braun  
Handpicked the evil bastard called "Magnum Innominandum"  
These ice-age quotes opposed Helios  
Confusing the most yet I find it remedial  
Turn the radio and TV off, think for a second  
Technology is a blessing but it's also a weapon  
A weapon of mass destruction givin' global instructions  
Teaching us how to hate but does it in a way that we love it  
Take my beloved rap music, erase the beat  
Consumers act like they're afraid of intelligent speech  
The rhymes are imagined in theory  
Then itemized into a query  
It takes more than your ears to hear me  
Meditate; you will see it clearly  
Elevate to a level where your judgment isn't impaired daily  
Before the New World Order right around the corner  
One day soon they gon' lock down the borders  
I ain't a activist, I can't do shit  
I'd rather be a pacifist with a full clip  
Keep sayin' your prayers, they won't care  
God won't hear, do something, you won't dare  
It's happened before, it'll happen again  
It's happening over there; it'll spread here my friend  
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking  
Mankind is now on the brink of extinction  
Lost wisdom from the lost kingdom  
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Javelin Fangz"

*[Sample:]*

"For this reason to have this Key  
They some how transmit into your brain a hard idea  
Like, you are living wrong  
You've broken our laws on this planet  
This is the reason why  
Very soon when the sky became dark  
Thousands and thousands of people will die  
And only a few them will stay alive"

*[Intro:]*

Code-Name: Javelin Fangz - The Canibus Man  
Nothin' to Prove, cold bustin' at you dudes  
Yea, yo

*[Chorus:]*

You got your Weapon?: Check  
You got your Ammo?: Check  
You got the filthy slut pin-up calendar?: Yes  
You got the food?: Check  
You got the supplies?: Check  
You got the Trees so we can get high? - I Quit

Your names Canibus - So what da Fuck that means  
Can-I-Bus is the emcee not weed

Hand Radio?: Check  
Map?: Check  
You got the chem lights so we can get back?: Check  
First Aid Kit?: Check  
Grenades?: Check  
I even got a spit box for those lonely days

*[Canibus:]*

I was on my way home, the ground opened up like a grave  
Turned the highway into a tomb  
It's crazy I grew up playin' with Tonka's  
Mickey Thompson mud Swampers on a off-road monster  
I took a detour started headin' east  
Got stuck through a wench around a red wood tree  
A 1000 feet above sea level  
Still drivin' altitude climbin' the Tsunami's 1 hour behind me  
Made my way to the Mojave, I robbed niggaz for they gasoline  
Then headin' towards the Colorado Rockies  
Desperado, El Diablo on your back yard property  
Can't let the circumstance stop me  
G.I. Joe, O.G., Desert E's, Desert fatigues

Dry weather gear for the desert breeze  
140° degrees, I can barely breathe  
Toast bread and fry eggs on the roof of my Jeep  
Take my boots off I won't even look at my feet  
They smell like I've been cookin' my feet  
Look at me, I'ma mess I did it for my family & friends  
When the time comes I do it again  
Because this ain't the end, this is the beginnin'  
A new way of life nigga how you gon' live it  
Man Women and Child, livin' in a village  
No more technology privilege  
When disaster strikes put down the mic  
You better pick up that weapon and pass it to the right  
Laugh if you like but the time is near  
There's no time to spare, formation over here

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus:]*

I observe purgatory from the solar observatory  
The Sun stone was right, God have mercy on me  
You ask what, I ask what next  
Geo-magnetic effects came down to the deck  
Radio, T.V. Satellite gone, nobody can make or take one call  
LIGHTS OUT! All communications wiped-out  
To late to call upon Jesus Christ now  
Collect your weapon and ammo  
You don't have weapons to protect your family? You're asshole  
Guns are worth more then anythin' in a time like this  
The price just went up the pricelist  
You a Predator or Prey in the twilight mist?  
You wanna pray; get on your knees die like a bitch  
Your family got dragged off  
Put to work as slaves in a hell pit because you were selfish  
You bought cars, gold, diamonds  
Should've bought somethin' that could equalize the violence  
Face it your heart's full of hatred  
'Cause you got stripped naked in front of your babies  
Do somethin' to change it  
Take it, take a day-off, take a trip to the shop  
Get a laser sight scope, adjustable butt stock  
Automatic burst, fuck a one shot if a nigga want static  
I'ma give 'em what I got

*[Chorus]*



# Canibus Lyrics

## "There Has He Been"

(feat. K-Solo)

*[Intro:]*

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management

"Javelin Fangz"

WolfGang, sharp fangz

Yea

*[Canibus:]*

The vocalist with osmosis spit

Canibus on some robust robot shit

You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit

950 more bars just to talk to the kid

They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin' at ya

Like radar or race car spelt backwards

The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics

Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish

The magnetic patient will record the same thing

While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing

Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time

You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line

Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try

Ostriches are not supposed to fly

Fighter pilots with not eyelids

Did you see what I just did?

Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch

Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in

The evil bald Eagle strike you again

Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven

My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan

I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves

As Earth travels through the gravity belt

And I can offer you no help

The Period of Purification can be described to somethin' you call Hell

Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L

WolfGang

*[K-Solo:]*

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass

Send your career on a collision course; then you'll crash

I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse

You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window headfirst

Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur

Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt

Beef with me equals dead thugs

Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs

The Hitman buck quick

One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass who suck dick

Rap too good for the hood, who's the don  
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you know who  
But I proved them wrong  
Even without money in my pocket I still move along  
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song  
I was never assed out; my label's the only label  
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out  
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out  
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna back out  
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out  
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out  
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down  
You know I'm known to shut them down  
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns  
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds  
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown  
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound  
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town  
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground  
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Poet Laureate Infinity V004"

*[Sample:]*

"And this is where the, the uh complexity comes in  
Maybe we in modern uh civilization haven't really connected with this  
understanding"

*[Canibus:]*

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time  
It's the first of its kind  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

I procured a small piece of the treasure  
Collections from a former era datin' back to forever  
The warrior became protector; take a closer look at the bars  
You'll see I'm not behind them or in front of them, I'm one of them  
Started with a hundred, The Game spit three I said "Fuck It!"  
I'm a have to show these niggaz somethin'  
33 is the number that enlightens the Brother  
Insight to the fullest that could brighten the dullest  
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it? Mortars  
I drive forward Sandstorms make my eyes water  
Skull is a submarine hull  
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.  
The rhymes are raw, protected by the Jericho wall  
With surface permutation of the permafrost  
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force  
Would give us all what we needed, we were wrong  
This is "The Greatest Rhyme of All Time" supposedly  
1000 Bars it will probably always be  
The results from SETI, very interestin'  
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testin'  
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip  
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis  
The sublime Chakra one thru nine  
Thru the spine induce the rhyme  
Internal fire produces the high  
I listened to 44 4's 22 times  
+I Gave You Power+ God stop my heart if I'm lyin'  
SHUT THE FUCK UP and stop whinnin'  
Instinct controls how you think before decidin', so keep vibin'  
The Art of Rhyming; I've mastered it certainly  
Surely I'll celebrate capturin' it for my Taxidermy  
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany  
To jungles in Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me  
I guess it wasn't meant to be  
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy  
USA made, field grade steel face

Movin' at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace  
Nobody could hold me back, my flow bloviates into a spiritual shape  
And co-create rap, cold callous chronic chemical imbalance  
Smokin' a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice  
Systematic Global Geographic Systemic Neo-synopsis  
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid  
Victory over injury a victim to misery  
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery  
They can't battle me; so they'd rather embarrass me  
By being mad at me, they commit microphone heresy  
Clairvoyant Technique, usin' X-Ray refraction  
Not only can you see into the future, see past it  
But I don't know what it means  
I pass the DataStream along to my team  
They say it's more than a dream  
Kill you with weed vapour, then the Taser, then the Laser, then the Maser  
Then somethin' they call Scalar  
"That is not dead which can eternally lie  
And with strange aeons even death may die"  
Why? Coup de Gra for the Coup de Ta  
In a man made lodge, the Moon Rays replace God  
What ought to crawl has learned to walk  
I have mastered The Art of Rhyming now I am so bored  
I seen a mushroom to the north, from a porch  
It was odd, every dog in the neighborhood barked  
'Cause Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words Actions and  
Reality  
But what is attracting me?  
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely  
Your name will be added to the Black List Registry  
Observe the man with the microphone strand  
Or 5th or 6th, 'cause way more advanced  
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me  
Suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorje come to me  
Sittin' down at the mixin' board comfortably  
They begin to study me, by showin' me worlds I would love to see  
A stationary pulley drawin' from a wishin' well  
The Genie gave me three more because I listen well  
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself"  
Before one can know the world so I showed myself  
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pullin' me like planet inertias  
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless  
Rap Music Profession, Immuno suppressants  
One question per second, one answer per session  
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!  
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G  
My lyricism amplifies every letter written  
+Rip the Jacker+ spittin' inside a Zero Vector System  
Murder murder murder, kill kill kill drills  
Williams was real ill, but now I chill  
Fuck a record deal; my trainin' is real  
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel  
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course

But the secret to creativity, hidin' your sources  
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in IRAQ  
Do not blame them, I hold their humanity hostage  
I gotta spit 'til the story is told  
It's a gift; this story is a part of my soul  
We shouldn't keep fightin', the Earth is our home  
If we destroy Mother Earth, then where will we go?  
Are you food for the Moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?  
Furniture moves when I walk into a room  
Fuckin' bummer, no armour inside the Hummer  
Gotta hug a motherfuckin' Sandbag for cover  
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it  
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus  
From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage  
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public  
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish  
It might turn you into a media puppet, NIGGA LOVER!!!  
All cultures come from One Mind  
The Universe is not far behind, Waves Bars and Rhymes  
Metaphor and Rhyme is poetry by design  
But poetry continues outside the timeline  
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY  
You lied to us all in your speech  
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds  
Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs  
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes  
Patent number 4686605  
I've apologized but I can't change who I am  
Tried to change the future, can't budge the past  
Beautiful longitudinal, musical lyrics  
Fragments of Olympian Gossip, that is my vision  
If A is a success in life  
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt  
If work equals X and play equals Y  
Then Z must be equal to you shuttin' your mouth  
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine bitin' my brain  
And everything inside it, I can't explain but I am tryin'  
From the Kinetic to the Energetic  
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance  
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems  
THINK SO? You're a talk-show ho  
The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck  
Who can tell me that this poem is luck?  
Does it amaze me? "NO!" Does it faze me? Maybe a little yo  
Gotta find a way to generate doe  
The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow  
I might get drunk and boast  
Williams you gotta go first  
"If you say so, HALO", High Altitude always stay low  
I approached the podium, and delivered my encomium  
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous  
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust  
I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough

1000 Bar race at an unrelentin' pace  
Just in case Humans ever get to World War VIII  
Food supply low, they speak of goin' above ground to find mo'  
I cry out "NO - DO NOT GO!!!"  
The window is closin', from the other side it looks like it's openin',  
Where am I tryna to go with this?  
Only the chosen, find a way out  
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route  
Arctic Geography is conducive to Astronomy  
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me  
A good Psychological environment for science  
I'm memorizing and visualizing peace and quiet  
Comparative image sharpness between artists  
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in  
This is my unacknowledged special access project  
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics  
Tunnel borin' and jackin', water main tappin'  
I sat there draftin' a new drainage plan laughin'  
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal  
Viable style, it's like tryna to ride a Bull  
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel  
Of syllables that made me invincible  
Creatively I have never been to this level  
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel  
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate  
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation  
Man Made Membrane roofin' remediation  
Any and All entry points have immigration  
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't  
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin  
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves"  
Washington didn't say it quite that way  
Musically still producin', I got a couple new things cocoonin'  
But Poet Laureate is my New Shit!  
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits  
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics  
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearin'  
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective  
I've almost perfected this  
I'm one word away from excellence  
When I find it I'll begin testin' it  
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease  
You can't Emcee take a seat  
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm 'bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is  
You better be filming this  
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin'  
Spend the whole night out binge drinkin'  
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent  
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness  
I'm lost, which version is this? Mozart  
With a flowchart puttin' together parts of an unknown art  
Rhymes compartmentalized, seperatized to prevent bootleg Pirates  
Be my guest keep tryin'

I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it  
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it  
The Visionary Cell designed my new Lab  
Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft  
You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect"  
Is that correct? Yes, could you please speak up, I SAID YES!  
That's not possible, that's sounds completely illogical  
You must've been kicked the fuck out of school  
You cannot fold under the political pressure  
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures  
Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes  
Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes, all the time  
A Luciferian web, everyday we are buryin' dead  
Every color in America bled; this is Empirical evidence  
Of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences  
You'll never reach the end of it  
Fire for effect, smoke out then rest  
Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this  
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin  
Of nothin' on this Planet can dissuade this  
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it  
With passion of a Microphone Patriot  
I did it for my Fathers; I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers  
I did it for the world to discover  
The head of a Lion, the legs of an Eagle  
The wings of a Dragon, and to the people  
I hope the words reach you  
There is strength in numbers, there is numbers in strength  
The ink, I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx  
Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge  
1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs  
Everybody bow your heads, say this prayer  
From this moment HIP-HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!  
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

*[Sample:]*

"It's all about becoming more..."